

ME
TIM
HOLT
NO.35



TIM HOLT

10c



STOP SMOKING

**TOBACCO COUGH—TOBACCO HEART—TOBACCO BREATH—TOBACCO NERVES...
NEW, SAFE FORMULA HELPS YOU BREAK HABIT IN JUST 7 DAYS**



•YOU CAN STOP

- Tobacco Nerves
STOP
- Tobacco Breath
STOP
- Tobacco Cough
STOP
- Burning Mouth
STOP
Due To Smoking
- Hot Burning Tongue
STOP
Due To Smoking
- Poisonous Nicotine
STOP
Due To Smoking
- Tobacco expense

No matter how long you have been a victim of the expensive, unhealthful nicotine and smoke habit, this amazing scientific (easy to use) 7-day formula will help you to stop smoking—IN JUST SEVEN DAYS! Countless thousands who have broken the vicious Tobacco Habit now feel better, look better—actually feel healthier because they breathe clean, cool fresh air into their lungs instead of the suffocating Tobacco tar, Nicotine, and Benzo Pyrene—all these irritants that come from cigarettes and cigars. You can't lose anything but the Tobacco Habit by trying this amazing, easy method—You Can Stop Smoking!

SEND NO MONEY

**Aver. 1½-Pack per Day Smoker
Spends \$125.90 per Year**

Let us prove to you that smoking is nothing more than a repulsive habit that sends unhealthful impurities into your mouth, throat and lungs... a habit that does you no good and may result in harmful physical reactions. Spend those tobacco \$13 on useful, healthgiving benefits for yourself and your loved ones. Send NO Money! Just mail the Coupon on our absolute Money-Back Guarantee that this 7-Day test will help banish your desire for tobacco—not for days or weeks, but FOREVER! Mail the coupon today.

HOW HARMFUL ARE CIGARETTES AND CIGARS?

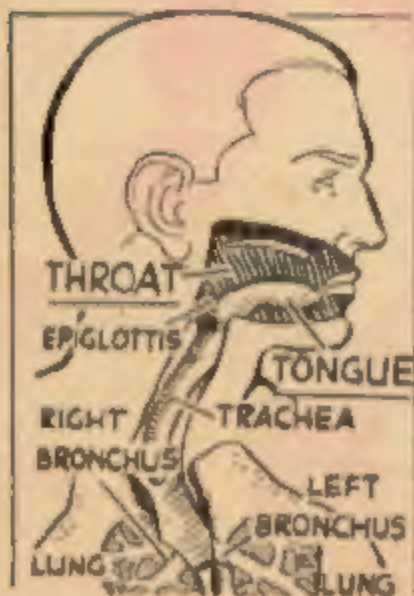
Numerous Medical Papers have been written about the evil, harmful effects of Tobacco Breath, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Lungs, Tobacco Mouth, Tobacco Nervousness. Now, here at last is the amazing easy-to-use scientific discovery that helps destroy your desire to smoke in just 7 Days—or if we don't cost you one cent. Mail the coupon today—the only thing you can lose is the offensive, expensive, unhealthful smoking habit!

ATTENTION DOCTORS:

Doctor, we can help you too! Many Doctors are unwitting victims to the nicotine tobacco habit. We make the guarantee to you, too, Doctor! (A Guarantee that most Doctors dare not make to their own patients). If this sensational discovery does not banish your craving for tobacco forever, your money cheerfully refunded.



YOU WILL LOSE THE DESIRE TO SMOKE IN 7 DAYS... OR NO COST TO YOU



Here's What Happens When You Smoke...

The nicotine laden smoke you inhale becomes deposited on your throat and lungs... (The average Smoker does this 300 times a day!) Nicotine irritates the Mucous Membranes of the respiratory tract and Tobacco Tar injures these membranes. Stop Tobacco Cough, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Breath... Banish smoking forever, or no cost to you. Mail the coupon now.

Don't be a slave to tobacco... Enjoy your right to clean, healthful, natural living. Try this amazing discovery for just 7-Days... Easy to take, pleasant, no after-taste. If you haven't broken the smoking habit forever... return empty carton in 10 Days for prompt refund. Mail the coupon now.

STOP SMOKING—MAIL COUPON NOW!

**DOCTOR'S ORDERS PRODUCTS
7-Day Tobacco Curb—Dept. TH-35
490 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.**

SENT TO YOU IN
PLAIN WRAPPER

On your 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee send me Doctor's Orders 7-Day Tobacco Curb. If not entirely satisfied I can return for prompt refund.

☐ Send 7-Day Supply, I will pay Postman \$2.00 plus Postage and C.O.D. Charge.

Save 45c on C.O.D. Money Order Fee and Postage by sending cash with Order. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

☐ Enclosed is \$2.00 for 7-Day Supply, you pay postage costs.

☐ Enclosed is \$4.00 for 2 boxes of the 7-Day Supply for myself and a loved one. You pay postage costs.

NAME _____ (Please Print)
ADDRESS _____
TOWN _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT



DEADWOOD, SOUTH DAKOTA, IS A WILD TOWN. IN ONE OF ITS SALOONS, MEN SIT PLAYING POKER, WHEN —



IT'S WILD BILL HICKOCK! DEAD!

JACK MCCALL SHOT HIM IN THE BACK WITHOUT GIVING HIM A CHANCE! LET'S GO GET HIM, BOYS — AND STRING HIM UP!

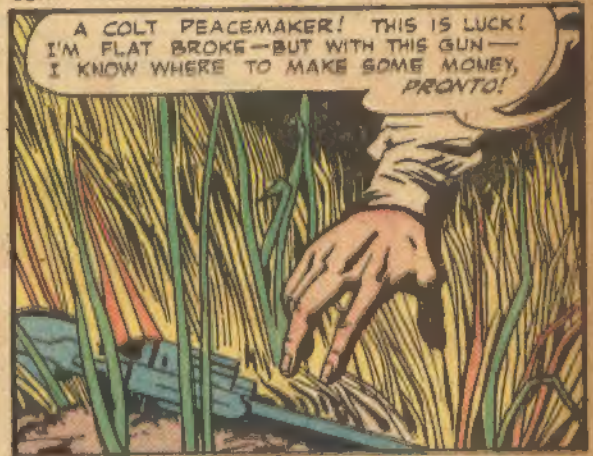


TIM HOLT

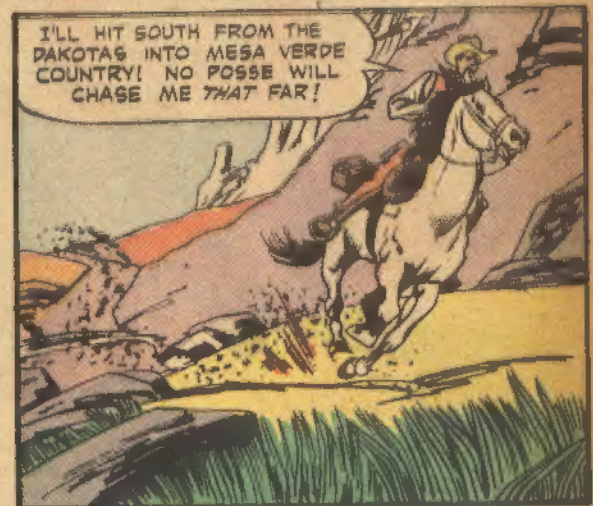
KILLER JACK McCALL RUNS FOR HIS LIFE—



FOR DAYS, THE GUN LIES UNDER THE HOT DAKOTA SUN. THEN ONE MORNING...



A LITTLE LATER, ON THE STAGECOACH TRAIL TO THE BLACK HILLS...



THE THUD OF POUNDING HOOFES DROWNS OUT THE SUDDEN TWANG OF A CHEYENNE BOWSTRING! A HORSE GALLOPS FAST—BUT NOT AS FAST AS THE FLIGHT OF AN INDIAN ARROW!



TIM HOLT



THE TRAIL OF DEATH AND MURDER MOVES SOUTH, ACROSS THE SAN JAUNS AND INTO APACHE COUNTRY.



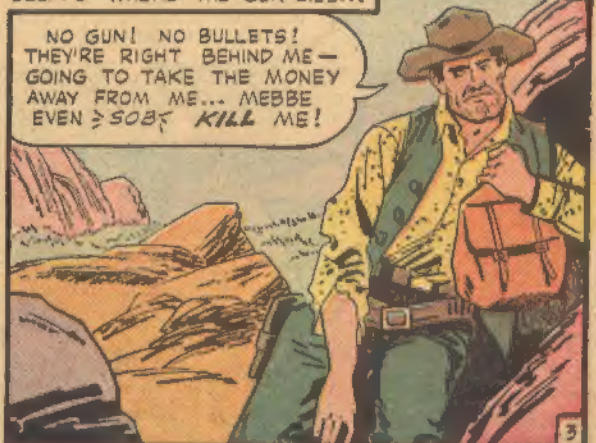
THIS IS "FAR SOUTH" LAND FOR THE CHEYENNE WAR PARTY! THEIR LOOK-OUTS ARE ALERT, BUT AN AVENGING POSSE OF LAWMEN ARE HEADED BY REDMASK—



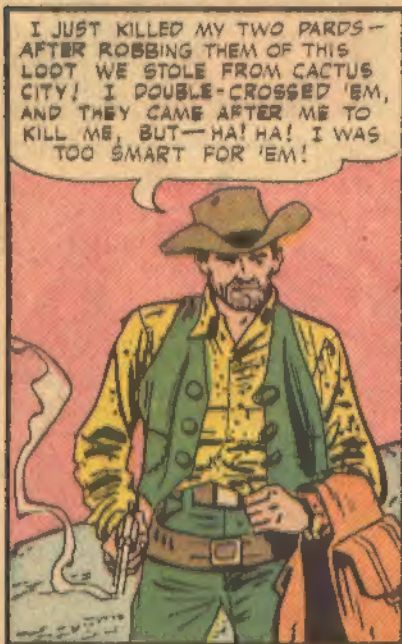
A LITTLE LATER, ONLY A FEW SHAPES SWINGING IN THE IDLE BREEZE REVEAL THE LOCATION OF THE DEATH GUN...



TWO WEEKS LATER, A STUBBLE-BEARDED OUTLAW, WOUNDED AND ALONE, FLEES INTO THE ROCKY BLUFFS WHERE THE GUN LIES...



TIM HOLT



IT IS DUSK IN THE LITTLE COW TOWN OF BULLET, SOME DAYS LATER, AS A FRESHLY SHAVED STRANGER WALKS THE STREET...



MEANWHILE, IN A LITTLE HOUSE A FEW STEPS DOWN THE STREET...



TIM HOLT

LATER THAT NIGHT, IN HIS HOTEL ROOM, JIM KELLAM PUTS THE DEATH GUN AWAY—

YES, SIR! I'VE GOT MY PILE! NO NEED TO TAKE MORE RISKS. I'LL SETTLE DOWN HERE AS A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN, AND NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW ME AS A KILLER. I'LL EVEN PUT THIS GUN HERE AND NEVER USE IT AGAIN!



FOR SOME WEEKS, JIM KELLAM LIVES AS AN HONEST MAN. HE MAKES FRIENDS, AND HIS SECRET SEEMS SAFE. THEN, ONE DAY—

NEVER SAW THAT GENT WITH THE SHERIFF! WHO IS HE?

SOME HOMBRE THE SHERIFF FOUND SHOT AND DYING. HE ALMOST DID DIE, BUT STARTED TO RECOVER THE NIGHT YOU CAME INTO TOWN! FUNNY, AIN'T IT?



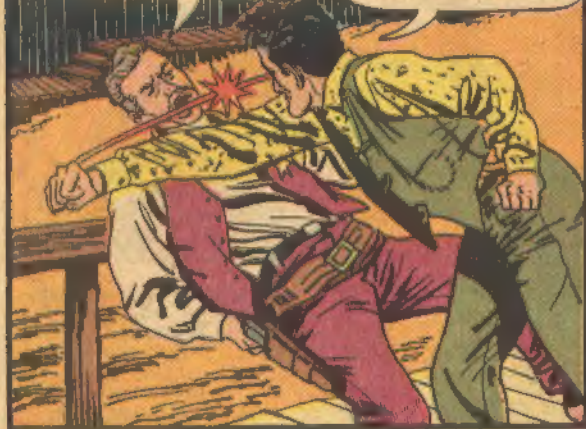
SHERIFF GAGE — THAT MAN THERE! HE WAS ONE OF THE THREE BANDITS WHO HELD UP THE CACTUS CITY TRAIN AND ROBBED IT, KILLING MY ENGINEER AND WOUNDING ME!

HUH?



KELLAM, I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR—UGGHHH!

NOBODY ARRESTS ME! SHERIFF! GET OUT OF MY WAY!

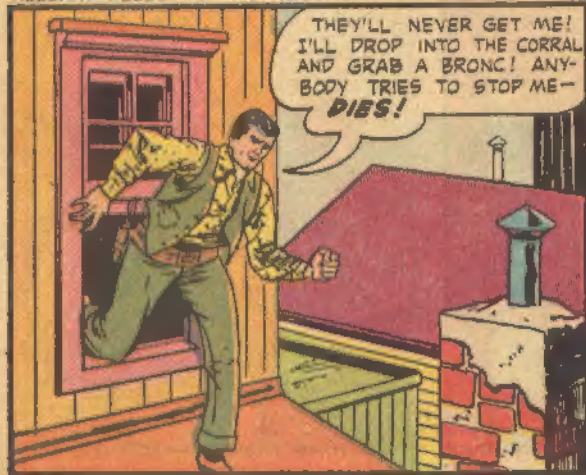


GOT TO GET MY GUN — SHOOT MY WAY OUT OF THIS! I WAS A FOOL TO TAKE IT OFF! THAT MAN KNEW ME! HE'S GOT ME DEAD TO RIGHTS — BUT IT WON'T DO HIM ANY GOOD!



RIPPING HIS PEACEMAKER COLT FROM HIS BAG, JIM KELLAM FLEES TO THE ROOF...

THEY'LL NEVER GET ME! I'LL DROP INTO THE CORRAL AND GRAB A BRONC! ANYBODY TRIES TO STOP ME—DIES!



UNAWARE THAT HE IS DEFYING THE CURSE OF DEATH ON THE MURDER GUN, REDMASK CLIMBS A ROPE TO THE ROOFTOP...



TIM HOLT

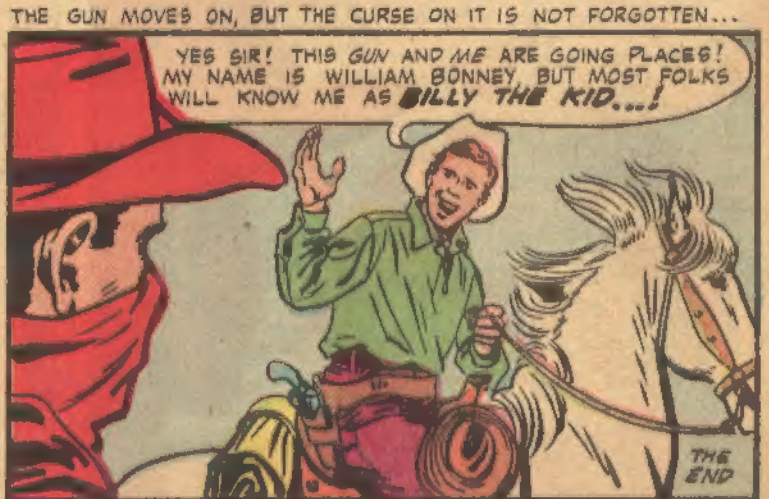
IN THE SILVER DOLLAR SALOON, JIM KELLAM DISCOVERS THAT HIS LUCK IS STILL RUNNING—





TWO MORNINGS LATER, JIM KELLAM, WHO OWNED THE DEATH GUN FOR A LITTLE WHILE, DIES IN THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE...

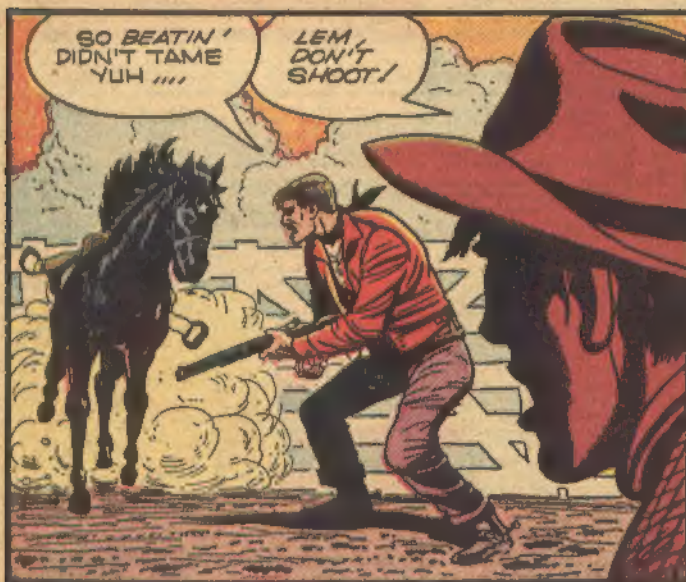
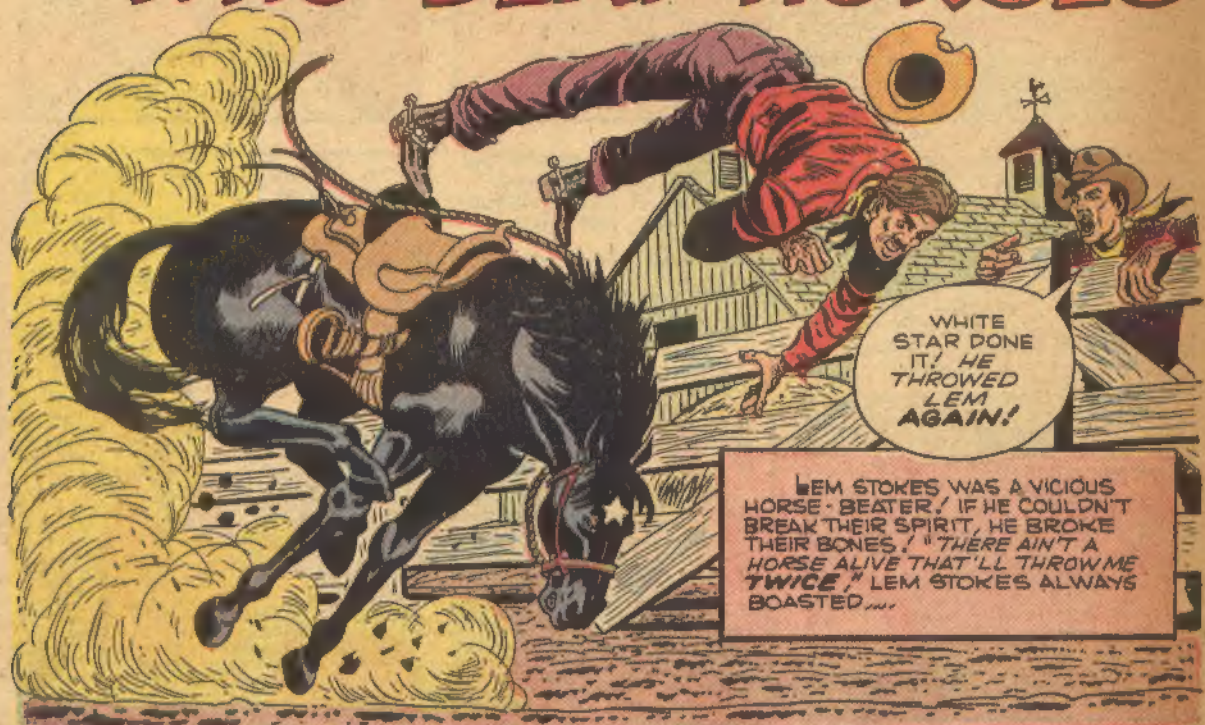
AND SO THE GUN GOES IN THE STORE WINDOW OF BULLET'S GUNSMITH. IT DRAWS VISITORS FOR A WHILE, AND THEN IS FORGOTTEN...

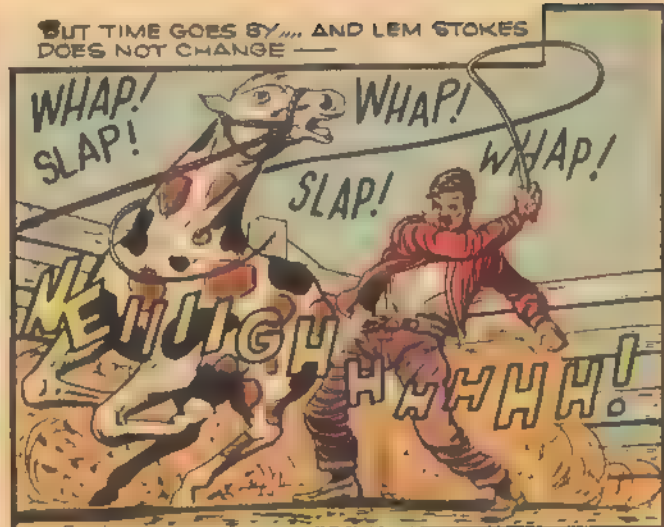
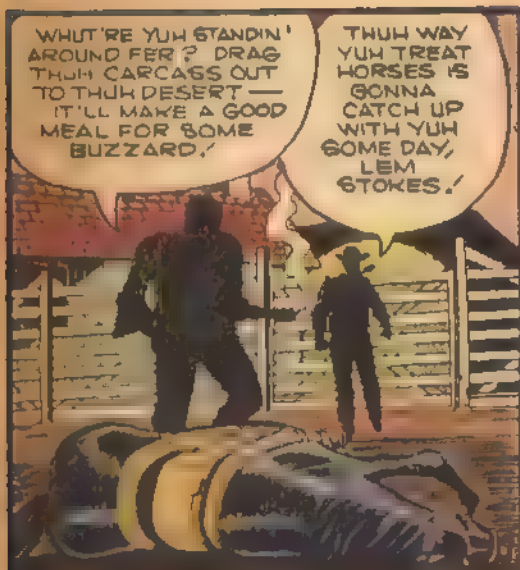


TIM HOLT

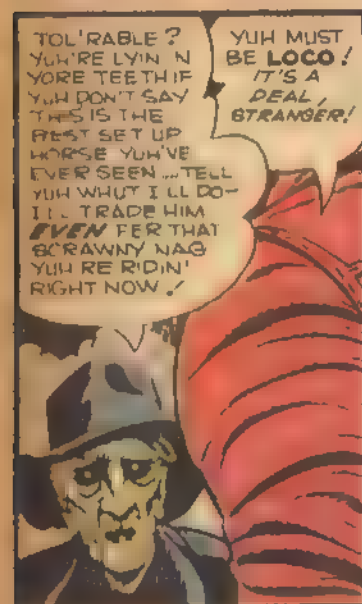
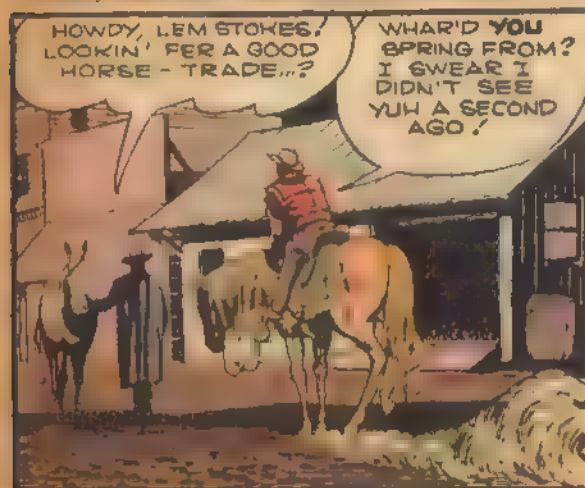
TALES *of the* GHOST RIDER

THE MAN WHO BEAT HORSES



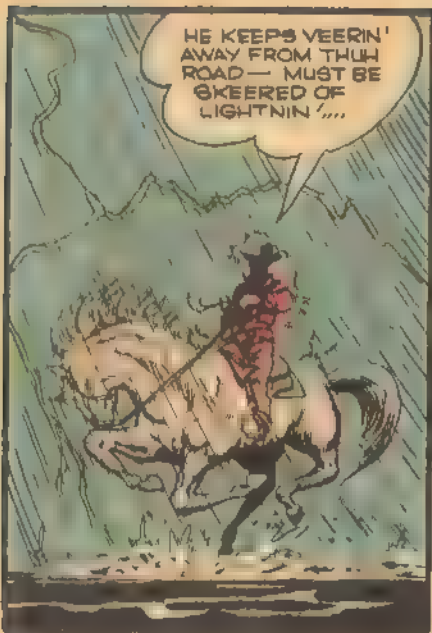


THEN, ONE DAY... LEM RIDES INTO TOWN ...!



SO A FEW MINUTES LATER, LEM STOKES RIDES THE WHITE HORSE OUT OF TOWN...





HE KEEPS VEERIN' AWAY FROM THUH ROAD — MUST BE SKEERED OF LIGHTNIN'...

LEM IS SO BUSY TUGGING REIN THAT AT FIRST HE DOES NOT SEE HOW THE "WHITENESS" ON HIS MOUNT IS BEING WASHED OFF BY THE PELTING RAIN!



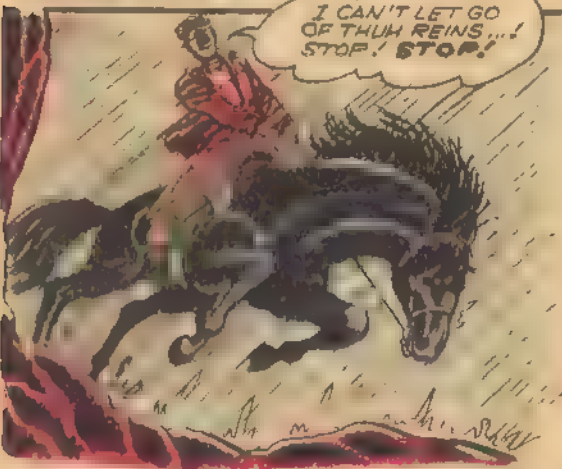
BUT THEN—!

TH-THUH COLOR'S WASHED OFF! AIEEE! IT'S WHITE STAR — THUH HORSE I SHOT! AN' HE'S HEADED FER THAT CLIFF!

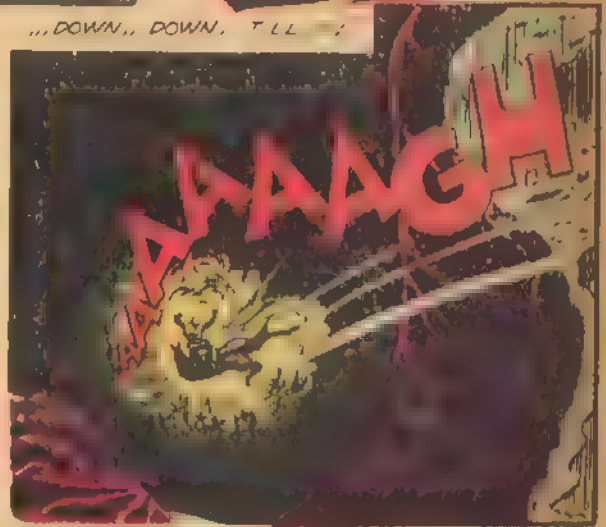


THE HORSE-BEATER SCREAMS, BUT WHITE STAR KEEPS GALLOPING FORWARD, THEY PLUNGE DOWN...

...DOWN... DOWN... TLL...



I CAN'T LET GO OF THUH REINS...! STOP! STOP!



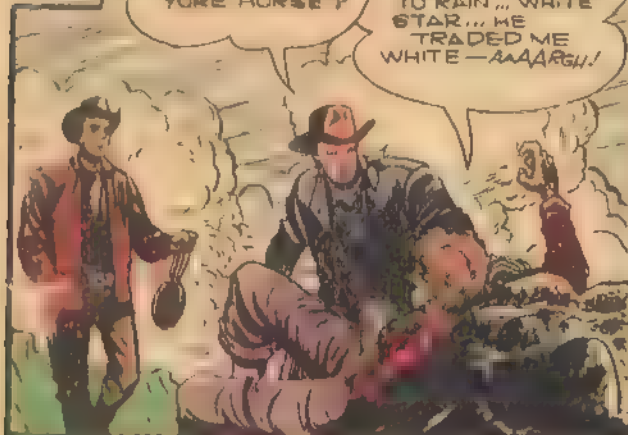
THE NEXT DAY

LEM: HOW'D YUH GIT DOWN HERE? WHERE YORE HORSE?

THUH TRADER... IN TOWN YESTERDAY... THEN IT STARTED TO RAIN... WHITE STAR... HE TRADED ME WHITE — AAAAGH!

HE'S DEAD!

HE MUST'VE JUMPED DOWN HIMSELF — I KEPT HEARDIN' OF A HORSE AN' NAME LEM YUH HEAR HE TALKIN' STUFF HE KEPT SAYIN' ABOUT A STORM YESTERDAY AND A HORSE TRADER IN TOWN. I YESTERDAY WAS CLEAR WEATHER FROM SUN UP TO SUN DOWN — AN' THAR HASN'T BEEN A HORSE TRADER IN TOWN FER OVER TEN YEARS.



The End

FREE..10 HITLER STAMPS



10 Scarce Stamps—All Different—Sent Free

TO SECURE NAMES FOR OUR MAILING LIST

Mail coupon at once. We'll send you this fascinating set of 10 Hitler stamps. Different sizes, colors, values. **NO COST TO YOU!**

These valuable stamps were issued by the short-lived nation of Bohemia-Moravia. They are much sought after. Now they are becoming SO ABUNDANT! And since the nation is no longer in existence, no new issues can be minted. Our supply is limited. So don't ask for more than one set.

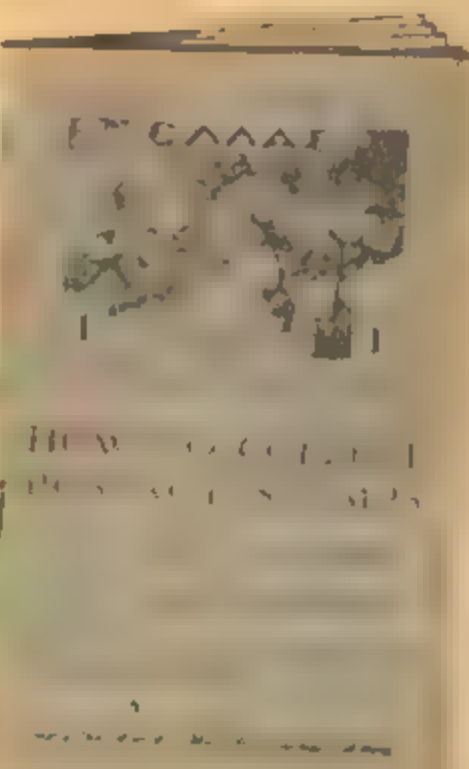
FREE 32-Page Book

In addition to the FREE Hitler Stamps, we'll also include other interesting offers for your inspection. **PLUS** a FREE copy of our helpful informative book "How To Collect Postage Stamps." It contains fascinating and true stories such as the one about the 1c stamp (which a school boy gladly sold for \$1.50) and which was later bought for FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

This Free Book also contains expert advice on collecting, shows how to get started, where and how to find rare stamps, how to tell their real value, how to mount them, trade them, how to start a stamp club, exciting stamp games, etc. It has pictures galore! Full pages of pictures showing old stamps depicting native men and women from faraway lands, ferocious beasts, etc.

MAIL COUPON NOW

Be the first in your neighborhood to have this valuable set of Hitler Stamps. Your friends will envy you for it and want to buy the set from you. It will become one of the most prized sets of any stamp collection. But you must hurry if you want to get the 10 Hitler Stamps FREE. This special offer may have to be withdrawn soon. If coupon has already been used, write direct to: **Littleton Stamp Co., Dept. 4MEC, Littleton, New Hampshire.** (Enclose 10¢ to help cover postage and handling).



**Supply Limited
Mail Coupon At Once!**

**LITTLETON STAMP CO.,
DEPT. 4MEC LITTLETON, N. H.**

Send—**AT NO COST TO ME**—the valuable set of 10 Hitler stamps and the informative booklet, "How To Collect Postage Stamps." I enclose 10¢ to help cover postage and handling.

Name

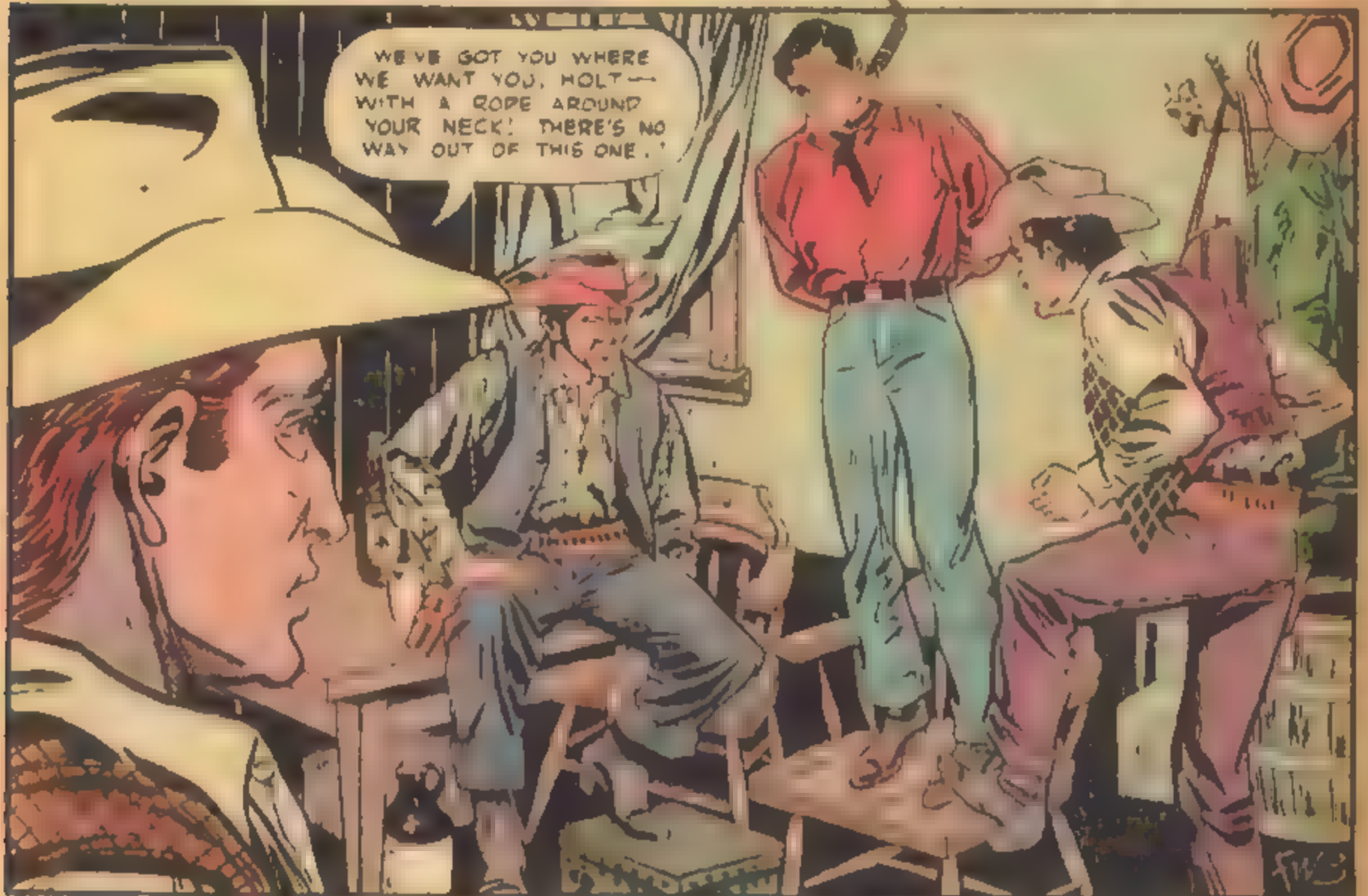
Address

City State

TIM HOLT

ALONE AND UNARMED **TIM HOLT** DEPUTY SHERIFF OF THE TOWN OF BULLET—RIDES INTO SINKHOLE AN OUTLAW TOWN! HE HAS LEFT HIS GUNS BEHIND HIM FOR HE HAS COME TO GIVE HIS LIFE TO THESE HARDCASE KILLERS! WHAT STRANGE REASON DOES TIM HAVE FOR THIS SACRIFICE? IS THERE ANY HOPE AT ALL FOR—

"THE MAN WHO CAME BACK!"



THE TOWN OF BULLET IS A DEAD TOWN WITH NO LIFE IN THE STREETS. THE ONLY PEOPLE LEFT ARE THE OUTLAW AS **TIM HOLT** TAKES HIS HOME SWEET HOME TO THE MAN WHO...



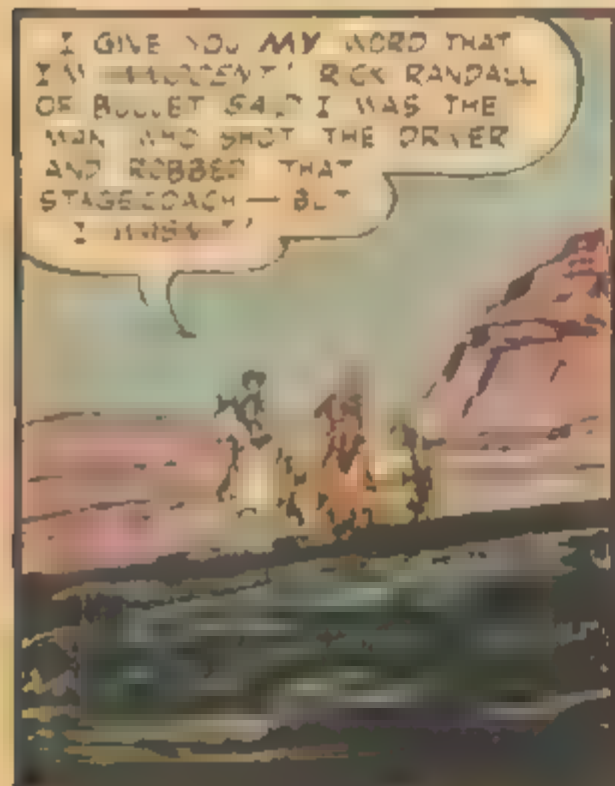
YOUR MOTHER IS DYING
HER LAST REQUEST IS TO

NO. 25
S. 20 N.
E. 1/4 S. 20 N.
E. 1/4 S. 20 N.

A cartoon illustration depicting a scene from a story. In the foreground, a man with bright red hair and a large nose looks over his shoulder towards two other men. The two men are standing behind a wooden fence; one wears a red shirt and the other a green shirt and a black hat. They appear to be in conversation. A speech bubble above them contains some illegible text, possibly starting with "YOU". The background is a simple yellowish-green wash.



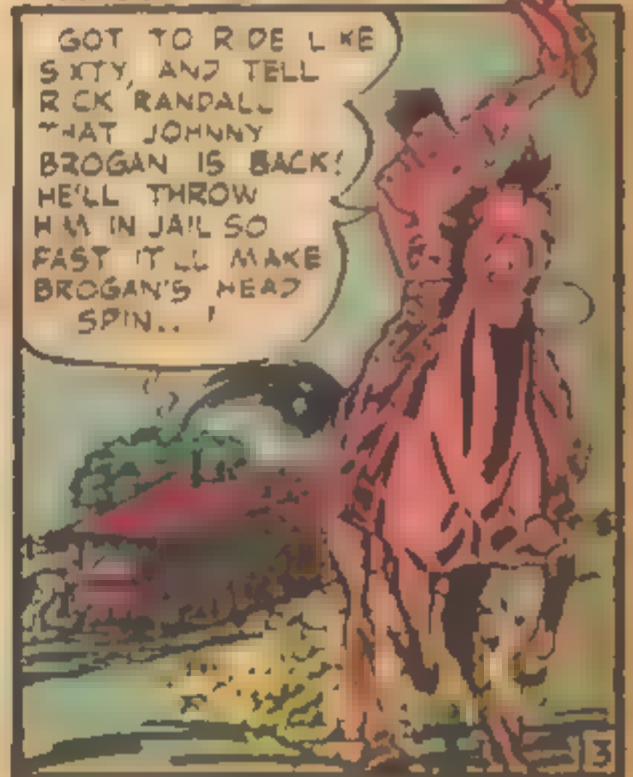
AND SO THE TWO BOTTLES WERE PUT IN A PLACE OF HONOR BEHIND THE SINKHOLE SALOON BAR.



HOURS LATER AT THE LITTLE BROGAN RANCHHOUSE AT THE FOOT OF BLACK MOUNTAIN.



OUTSIDE THE HOUSE —

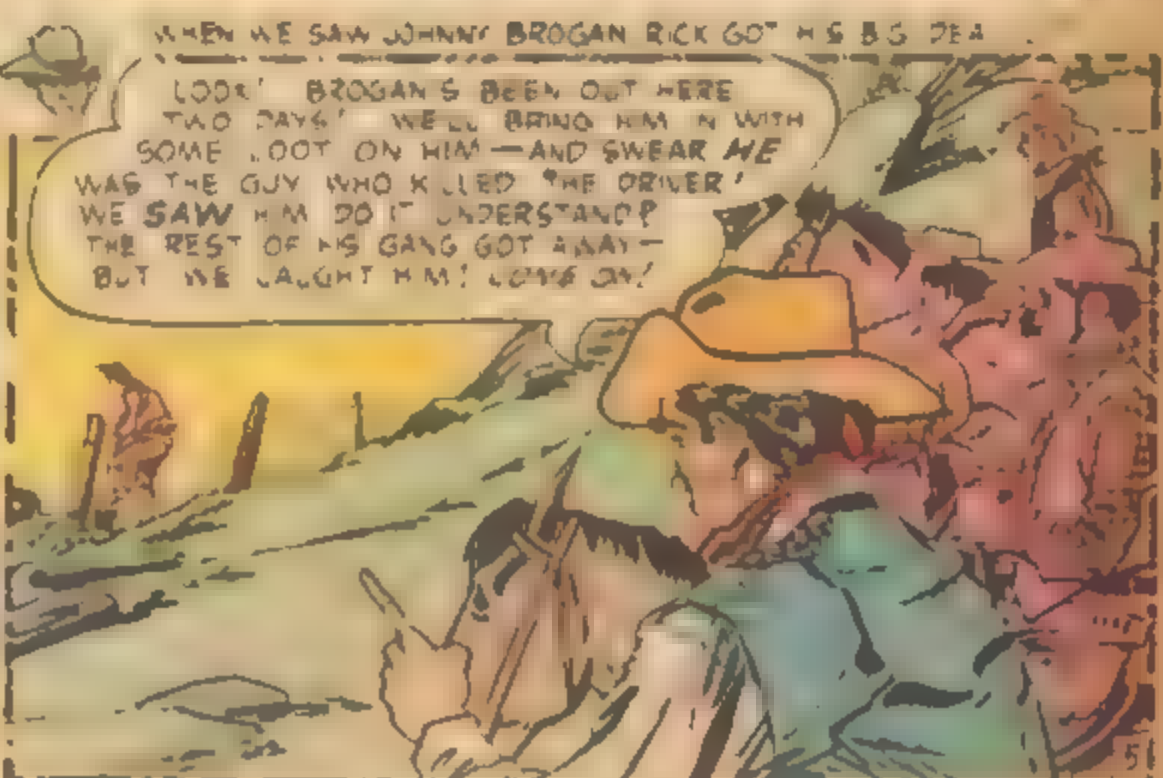
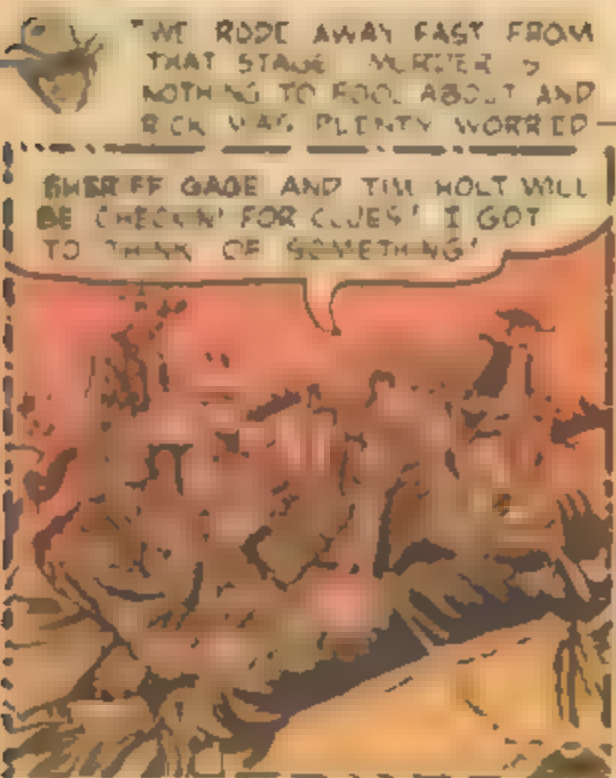
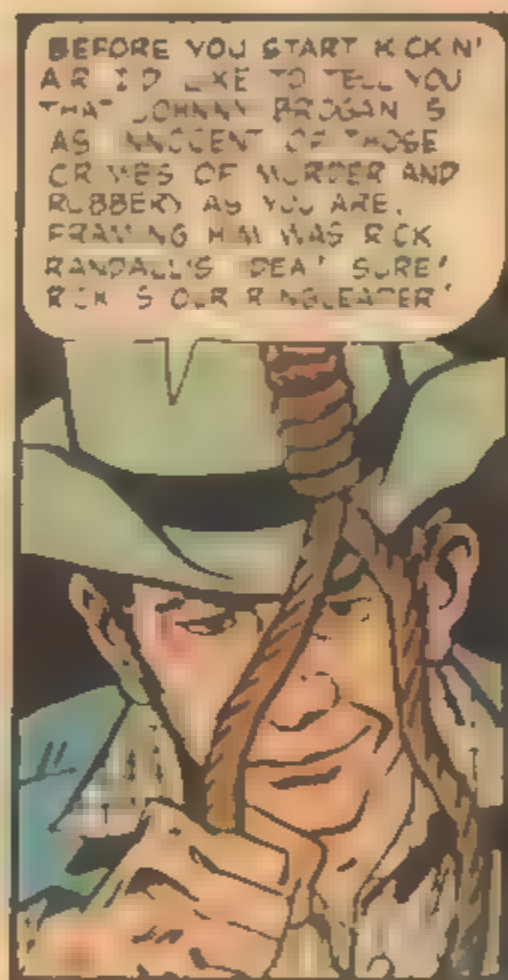


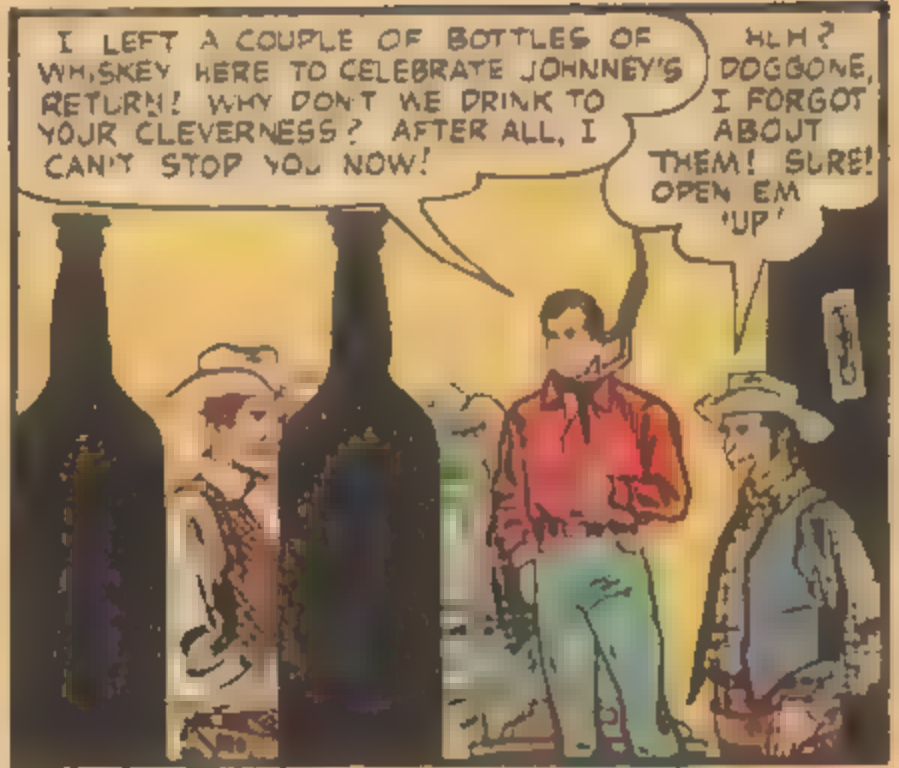
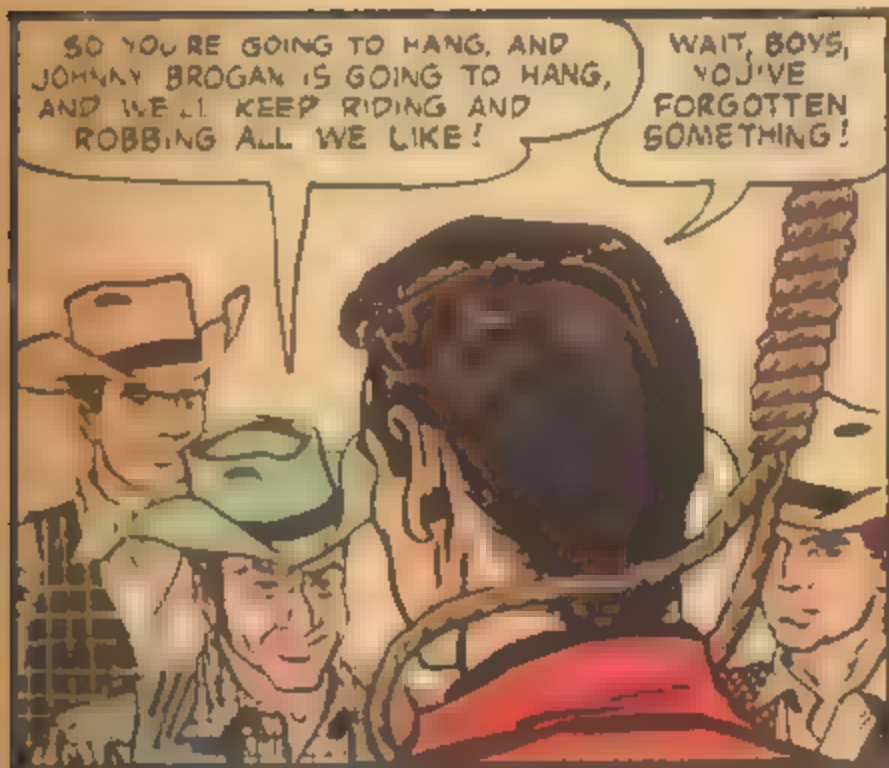
SOME HOURS LATER—



TIM HOLT

AND SO TIM HOLT RIDES BACK TO THE OUTLAW TOWN WITHOUT A WEAPON TO DEFEND HIMSELF. A GUN IS PUSHED INTO HIS BACK. A VOICE RASPS HARSHLY IN HIS EAR...

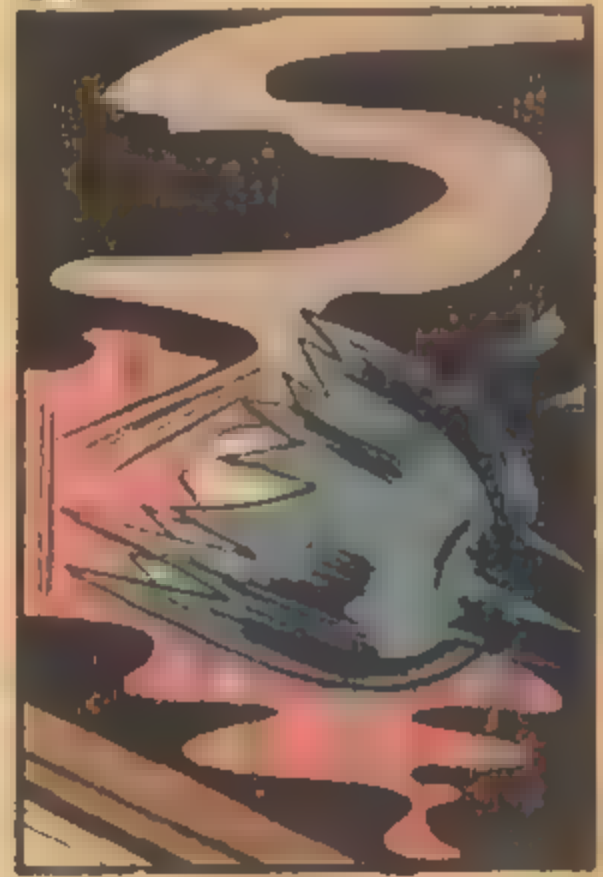




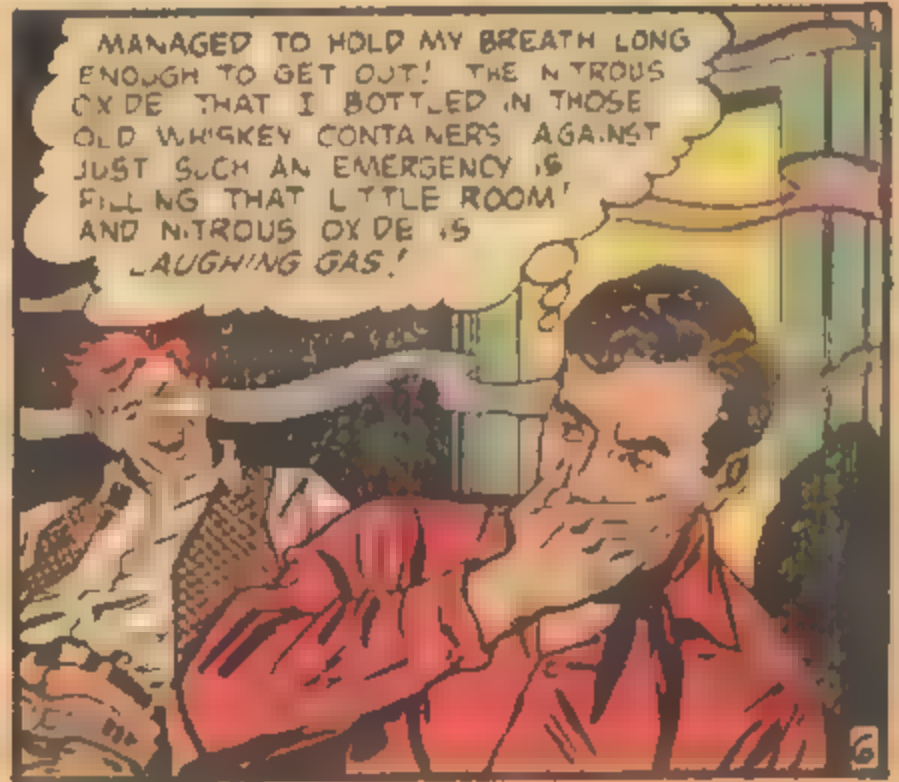
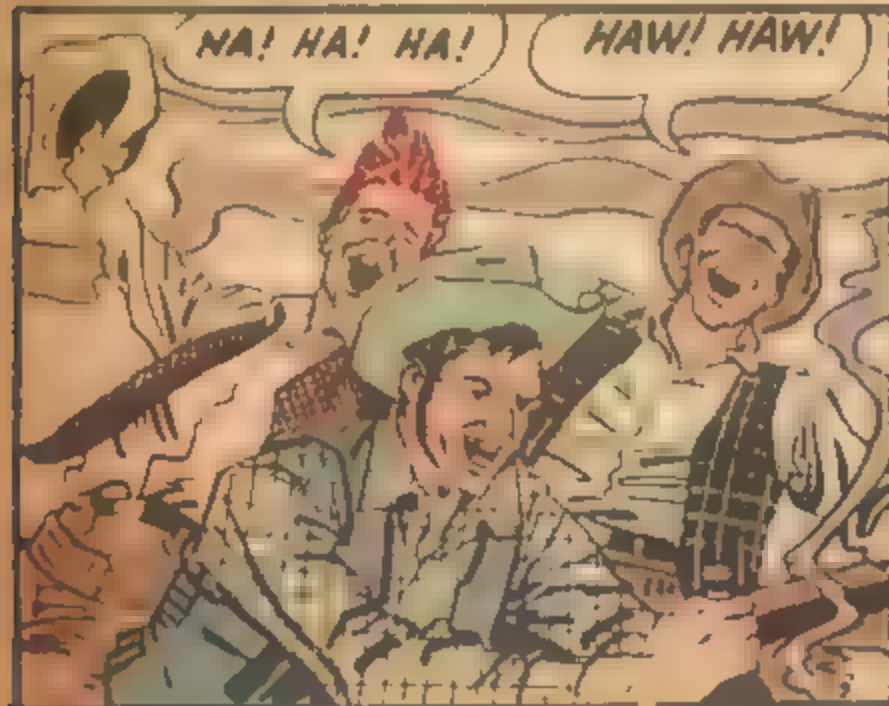
THE GRAM MUMOR OF THE OUTLAWS IS TOUCHED BY THE FACT THAT THEY WILL SOON TOAST THEIR OWN SCHEMES.

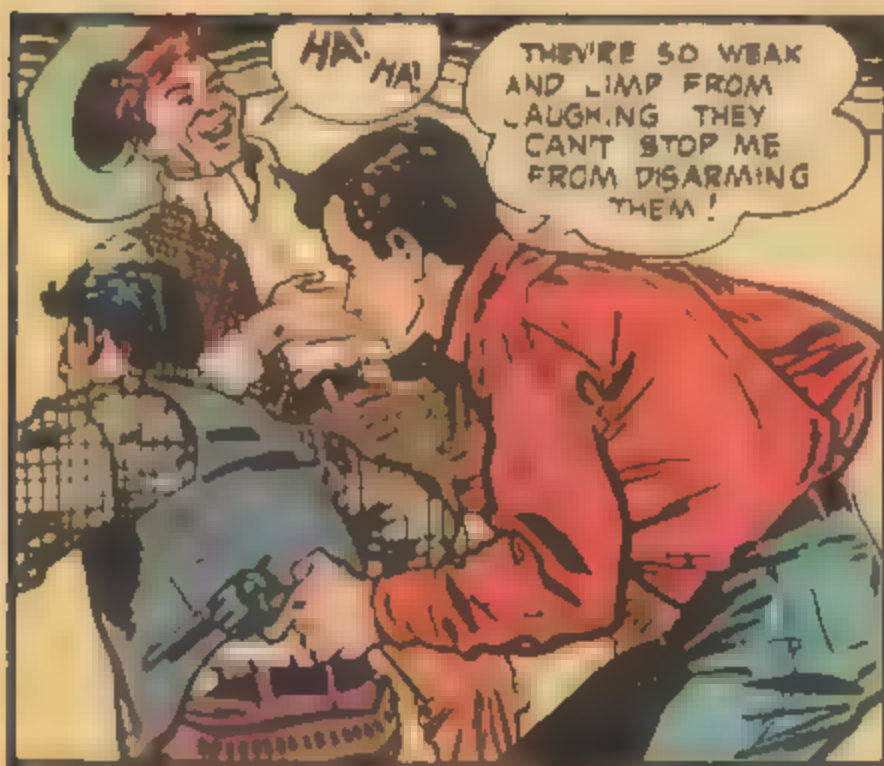
SURENLY...

FROM THE BROKEN BOTTLES AND POOLS OF LIQUID FAINT WISPS RISE LEWARD—



AND IN A MOMENT THE OUTLAWS ARE CONVULSED WITH WLD HILARITY!

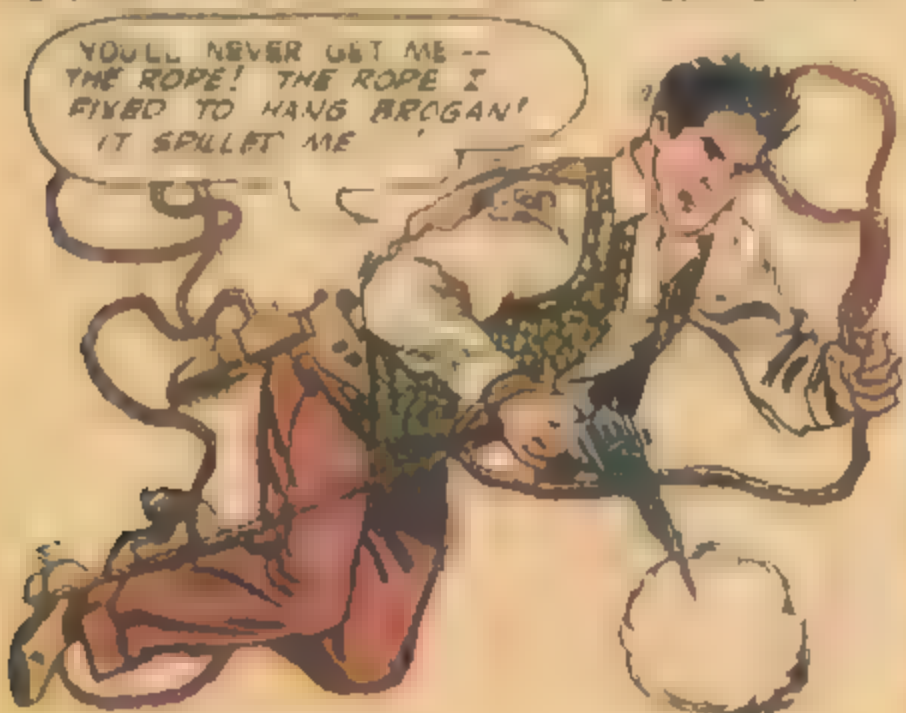




HOURS LATER IN A SALOON IN BULLET-



FRIGHT DAWN'S HEAR RANDALL'S EYES WITH AN OATH. HE WANKS A GUN AND LEARN F KWARD BUT HE TRIPS--



THE MULE AND THE WAGON-TRAIN

IT WAS spring in the year 1828. All along the Santa Fe trail the wagons creaked and rolled, chained casks swinging under the tangling tail gates, the whips of the bearded drivers snapping, the oxen ploughing ahead across the dun wastes of southwestern Kansas. Part of a continent was on the march, sunlight glinting on the long rifles of the back-kin lad trappers, and on the pistols in the holsters of the drivers.

Jeb Norwood stood in a clump of mesquite, fighting back the tears. Behind him was a charred cabin and three graves that he had dug himself. Paw was back there, and Maw, and little Cassie. He had buried them, with his laws shovel, and now he was alone—twelve years old, with only a gun and Paw's lop-eared mule, Temper, to call his own.

"Mebbe they'll give me a place with 'em," he muttered to the big gray mule, staring at the oncoming wagons. "I can h'ist water an' chop wood. Mebbe even I could get 'em some meat, if they'd give me some powder."

He was ragged and dirty, but there were muscles under his tanned skin, and his eyes were gray and direct. He walked like an Indian, with back straight and his long legs bent and sliding. The rifle hung, muzzle downward, over his arm.

A bearded driver saw him first and sent a stream of brown tobacco spraying beyond the rounded rump of his off wheel ox. He jerked a thumb back over his shoulder at the boy's question.

"The wagon boss is five teams back, son," said the driver. "If'n he lets yuh stay with us, yuh kin sit up here with me. Gits plumb lonesome with only these dumb oxen to palaver with!"

The wagon boss was a lean man, big in the shoulders, with long yellow hair and blue eyes. He wore two pistols strapped around his middle, with a Green River hunting knife in a bead-decorated sheath. Jeb heard the men address him as Charley. His face was grave

as Jeb told what had happened to his folks.

"Of course, son. We'll be glad to have yuh. Especially since yuh own a mule."

One or two of the men looked blank. The others seemed indifferent. But Jeb knew what the tail can mean. He licked his lips, then asked, "I could stand some powder an' ball. Paw shot most of his away—against them Injuns."

A bearded man with a crosslike knife scar on his cheek grunted derisively. "Like dumpin' it out on the sand, Charley? What's a skinny young'un like him know 'bout shootin' a gun?"

Jeb felt the red flush tinge his cheeks, but he drew himself up stiffly. "I got me two Comanches yestiddy. Only had two bullets, too!"

Charley laughed softly. He said, "All right, boy. You find yoreself a wagon to latch onto, an' see me tomorrow."

Jeb found his driver friend and lashed the lead-string of the mule to a tailgate chain. Then he swung up onto the big broad seat of the Dearborn beside the tobacco-chewing teamster. The man nodded at him, and grinned. "Glad to see that wall-eyed mule o' yourn, youngster. These new-fangled oxen can pull a loaded wagon, but when it comes to —"

The driver shook his head and let his words trail off. From him, Jeb learned that this was one of a Bent, St. Vrain Company caravan, bound for Santa Fe. Its great vans and wagons were loaded with silk and metalware, guns and powder, glassware and silver. Every eye was on the lookout for Comanches or Kiowas, for they raided the wagons for its *caballada*, or horse herd.

"Seems they take a fancy to them knives we're packin', too," growled the driver, whose name was Brad. "An' beads, an' colored cloths! Huh! Reckon they'd plumb take everything that ain't nailed down tight!"

At night, young Jeb slept behind the shallow tail-gate, his small body packed into the narrow space under some bolts of silk. He would stare up at the stars and blink his eyes hard, remembering his mother's soft voice, and his father's hearty shout, and the happy laughter of his little sister.

And then, four nights after Jeb Norwood joined the caravan, he froze to silent immobility, as voices floated out of the night air near the tail-gate of Brad's wagon, where he lay stretched out.

"I tell ye, the time is now," said an excited voice. "They've come so far toward Sante Fe, they bean't thinkin' on Injuns no more! Why, man alive! There bean't no more guards posted of nights. Charley Bent is sleepin' right now, 'stead of worryin' 'bout any redskins!"

Jeb remembered that hoarse voice. His memory called up a bearded face marked with

a crosslike knife scar on the cheek. It was the man who had taunted him about shooting his rifle! Now another voice joined his. "But are we sure them Comanches will spart with us?"

Scorn dropped from the scarred face man. "All they want is them beads an' cheap knives an' some blankets. What use they got for silverware or silk? Can they use good corn-bush sticks? I tell ye, the lot of this rich wagon train be ours, if we do this right!"

The men moved off, their voices fading. Jeb sat bolt upright, shaking with excitement. Carefully he petted over the side of the wagon, lifting the canvas hood. Then he loosened the tail gate, lowered it, and dropped to the ground. He ran swiftly as his legs could move to Charley Bent's wagon.

The tall, lean man was sitting with his back propped to a big wheel, smoking his last pipe for the night. He looked up curiously at Jeb, then grew ominously silent as Jeb talked.

"So," smiled Bent coldly, "Blackie Logan figures to side th' Injuns ag'in us, does he? Young un, yuh did right to come to me. How's that mule o' your'n?"

Jeb grinned. "Gettin' fat an' savvy. Babin' along behind that wagon."

Bent laughed. "I'm givin' yuh a saddle. Put it on him. Take him ridin' out in front of the train from now on. Yuh savvy?"

His heart thudding excitedly, Jeb nodded. The big man stooped and offered a small parfleche bag. "Here's powder an' lead an' here for yore rifle. I'll be keepin' an eye on yoh, son." Jeb grinned tamely, and the hand closed tightly over the beaded parfleche bag. His heart thumped excitedly. It was a good feeling to be needed, Jeb thought.

He walked to Brad's wagon and unlatched the rope hackamore that was tied to the end-gate. Leading Temper, Jeb walked through the starlight between the clumps of sotol and ocotillo. His rifle hung barrel downward across an arm. His young eyes searched the horizon.

Jeb walked steadily through the dawn. A

mule or two behind him, the big vans were clanking. And he, Jeb, was being trusted to be lookout for all that wealth back there. A proud tingle went through his veins.

Then Temper lifted his head and bayed!

Jeb froze in his tracks. He had heard Temper bay like that before! It had been when the redskins were shooting at his Maw and Paw.

Jeb lifted his gun and fired three times, quack-y, as fast as he could trigger his rifle. Three shots in rapid succession was the warning of this; lains. Now the wagon train moving slowly behind him a mile or more away would know that there were Kowas and Comanches somewhere ahead. The oxen would begin their slow swing, the huge wagons would sway as they were drawn into a tight circle!

Bent had known, as Jeb had, that a smart mule like Temper was worth his weight in gold to a wagon train. There was some instinct in mules that made them sniff out Indians from miles away. That was why Bent had sent young Jeb out ahead to ride point.

Jeb choked. A feathered warbonnet rose up against the red horizon. He could see the bear-claw necklace, the metal armband. A war-painted face opened a wide mouth that shrieked a war-cry. An arrow thudded into the dust some feet beyond Jeb.

Jeb raised his gun and fired. He saw the Indian sink back over the rump of his pony and drop lifeless to the ground. Jeb grinned. "He! Mebbe now that man with the scar won't laugh at th' idea of me an' my rifle!"

There were other Indians now racing toward young Jeb. He jumped on Temper and turned him, kicking his ribs with drumming heels. "Git a move on, thar, Temper! We got to beat them Injuns back to the wagons!"

Jeb turned on the mule and fired his rifle again and again. Once he saw a white man riding among the Indians throw up his arms and topple to the ground. "Serves him right if yaller turn out!" Jeb growled.

Now the wagon train, a forest of black points and bellying then big canvas covers, rose in twilight glowed on long rifle barrels pointed out from behind wagon wheels and tail-gates. Jeb could see Charley Bent standing with his sixguns in his hands. Bent shouted, "Yuh're there, young 'un! Mebbe yuh'd better turn in—see if yuh can get some shut-eye while we drive off them varmints!"

But Jeb shook his head and his eyes were shining. "No s'r. Reckon I ain't sleepy yet. I recognized one or two of those redskins. They finished off my Paw. I'll want to settle with them!"

And with head held high, Jeb walked on to find a better station, knowing that wherever his Paw was he would be looking at him, proud of him...

THE END

THE NEXT ISSUE
of TIM HOLT
GOES ON SALE
MAY 29th



A COWBOY — LOOKING FOR GRAZING LAND FOR HIS CATTLE



A SHEPHERDER — WITH HIS DOG AND FLOCK — NESTLED PEACEABLY ON THE HILLSIDE



A RED AZE OF HATE COATS THE COUNTRY OF DEEDS — HE RAISES HIS HAND — THERE IS NO ROOM FOR THE SHEPHERDER AND HIM BOTH IN HIS GRATING LAND

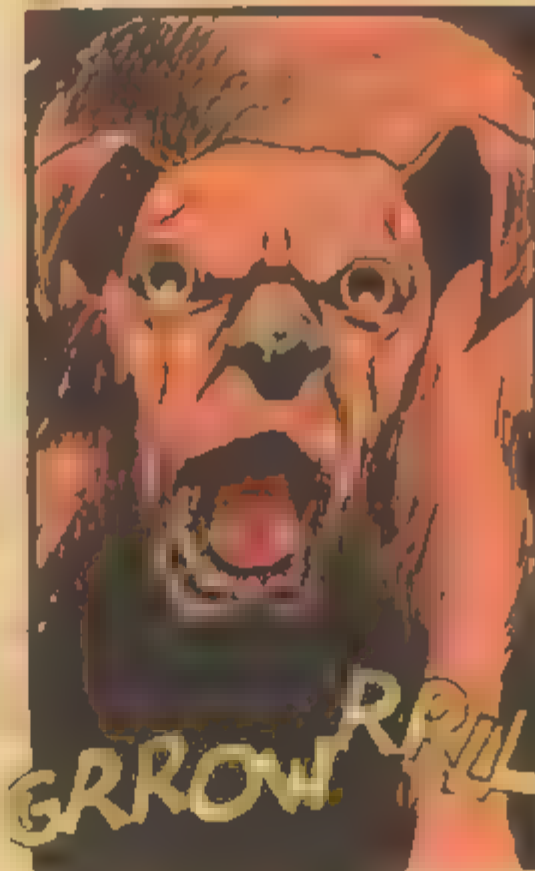


HE'D SHOOT HIM BEFORE HE'D SHARE THIS GRATING LAND WITH A SHEPHERDER



— HE'D KILL HIM FIRST





TIM HOLT





TIM HOLT

HE RODE THE NIGHT WINDS LIKE THE BLACK MONSTER HE WAS! HIS SWORD WAS EVER AT THE THROATS OF THE WEAK AND HELPLESS! LIKE THE WOLF AFTER WHICH HE IS NAMED HE PREYS ON THOSE UNABLE TO DEFEND THEMSELVES! AND WHEN **REDMASK OF THE RIO GRANDE** GETS ON HIS TRAIL **EL LOBO** SEEKS TO BRAND REDMASK WITH—

"The MARK of the WOLF!"



THE BRIGHT MOON FALLS ON A SCORE OF PERSONS SHUFFLING ALONG THE COBBLESTONED STREETS OF SALOMA...

EAGER HANDS STRETCH FORTH GOLD AND SILVER BAUBLES TO A WOODEN STATUE SET IN A NICHE ON A RUINED WALL...



TIM HOLT

THERE ARE SOME WHO BURY THEIR TREASURES IN THE MEXICAN FIELDS BEYOND THE CITY...

MADRE DE DIOS! THE SWORD OF EL LOBO!



DEATH FINDS THOSE WHO CHEAT THE WOLF!



HERE AND THERE IN COUNTRY FIELDS OR CITY STREET THOSE WHO DEFEY THIS MONSTER OF THE NIGHT LIKE DEAR BRANDED BY THE MARK OF THE WOLF!



THE TATTOO OF HIS HORRIBLE HOOF BEARS A THUNDER IN THE DARKNESS! A BLOOD MESSAGE!

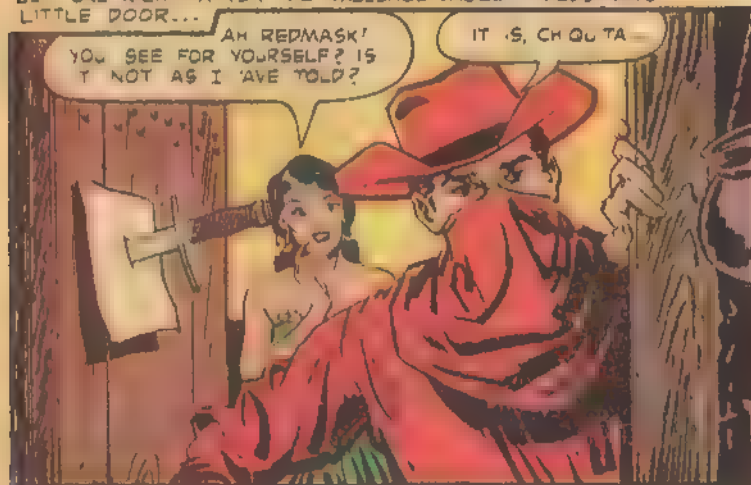


AND SO THIS DARK KEEPER HOLDS SALOMA IN HIS HAND! HIS SWORD KILLS! HIS STEELY GRIP DEATH SWIFTLY TO ANY WHO OFFEND HIM!



ALL MUST PAY TRIBUTE TO EL LOBO! THERE'S NO ESCAPE!

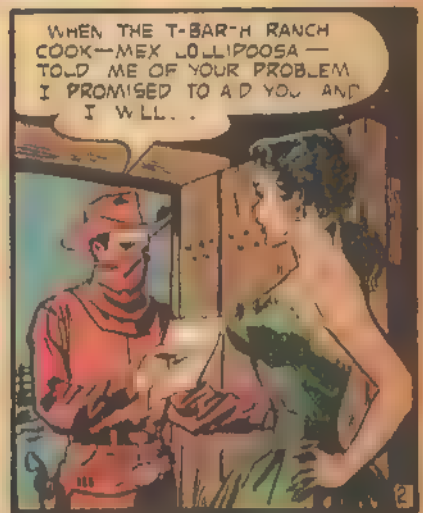
BUT ONE NIGHT AFTER THE MESSAGE-DAGGER THUDS INTO A LITTLE DOOR...



AN REDMASK! YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF? IS IT NOT AS I HAVE TOLD?

IT IS, CHQUITA

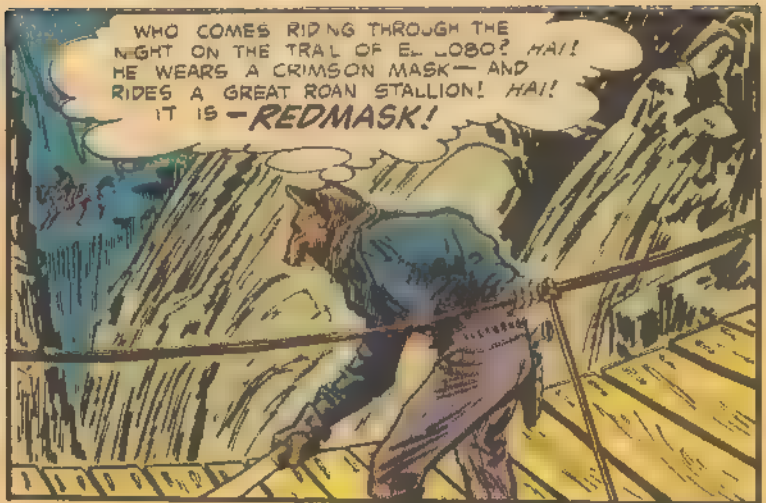
WHEN THE T-BAR-H RANCH COOK—MEX LOLLIPOOSA—TOLD ME OF YOUR PROBLEM I PROMISED TO AD YOU AND I WILL.



TIM HOLT



IN THIS MOONLIGHT IT IS EASY TO FOLLOW HIS TRAIL!



WHO COMES RIDING THROUGH THE NIGHT ON THE TRAIL OF EL LOBO? HAI! HE WEARS A CRIMSON MASK—AND RIDES A GREAT ROAN STALLION! HAI! IT IS—**REDMASK!**



REDMASK DIES BY THE SWORD OF EL LOBO!

EL LOBO COUNTS HIS CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED!



YOU'VE PREYED ON THE HELPLESS LONG ENOUGH!

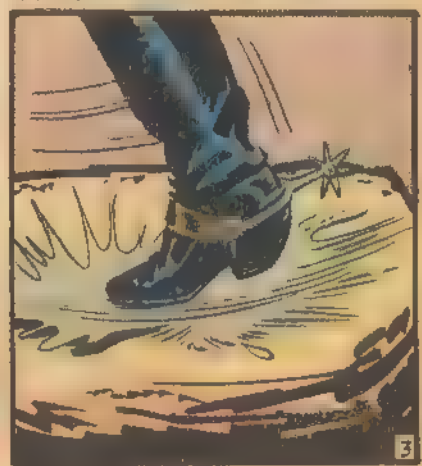


ACROSS THE ROCK-SPATTERED TOP OF AN OLD TOWER REELING FIGURES SWAY...

THE BATTLE IS BLOODY, DESPERATE...



AND THEN A STRAINING FOOT SLIPS IN A POOL OF TORPID RAIN WATER...!

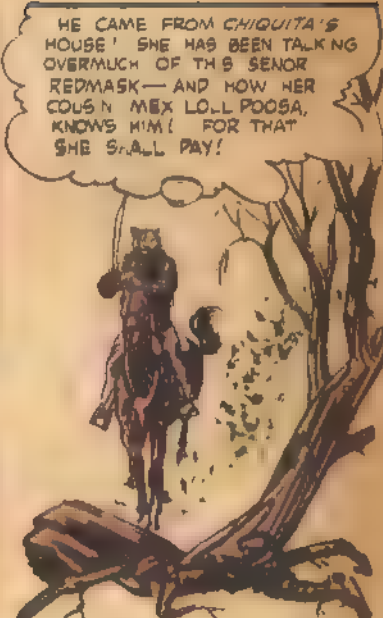


TIM HOLT

A CRIMSON FIGURE HURTLES DOWNWARD
THROUGH THE NIGHT—



I WAS LUCKY! HE ALMOST
HAD ME! BUT I'M ALIVE—
ALIVE TO WRECK VENGEANCE
ON THOSE WHO SUMMONED
REDMASK!



HE CAME FROM CHIQUITA'S
HOUSE! SHE HAS BEEN TALKING
OVERMUCH OF THE SENOR
REDMASK—AND HOW HER
COUSIN MEX LOLO POOSA,
KNOWS HIM! FOR THAT
SHE SHALL PAY!

IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF SALOMA, SOMEWHAT LATER...



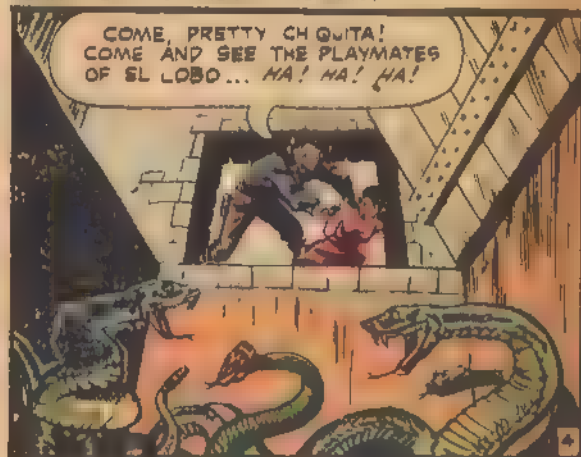
Now!

YES I—EL LOBO! I COME TO
TAKE YOU AND YOUR FATHER TO
YOUR GRAVES...

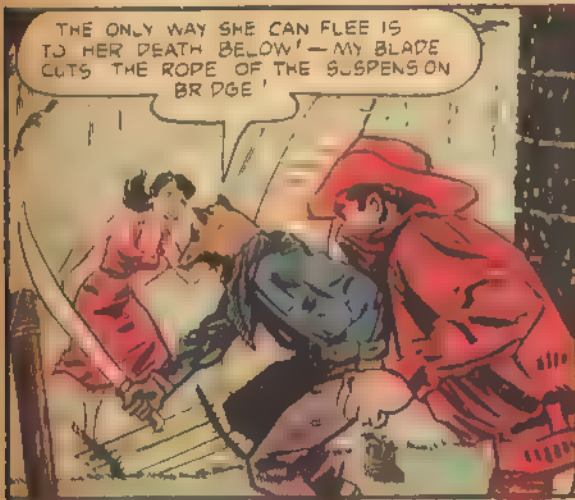


SCREAM IF YOU WANT! THOSE WHO
HEAR YOU WILL KNOW THAT **EL LOBO**
HAS COME TO SALOMA TO SETTLE A
SCORE—AND WILL BE DEAF TO YOUR
CALLS...

THROUGH THE NIGHT EL LOBO DRAGS HIS TREMBLING
VICTIMS TO AN OLD WELL DEEP IN THE STONE
HEART OF THE ANCIENT RUNS...

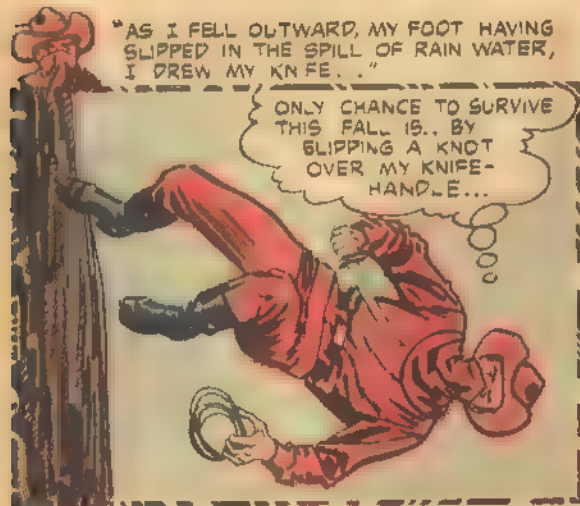
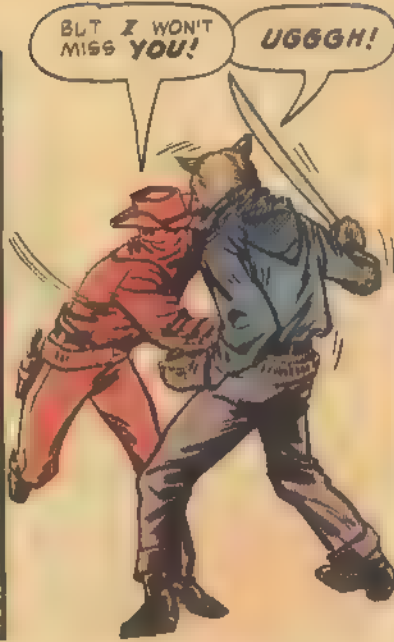


COME, PRETTY CHIQUITA!
COME AND SEE THE PLAYMATES
OF EL LOBO... HA! HA! HA!

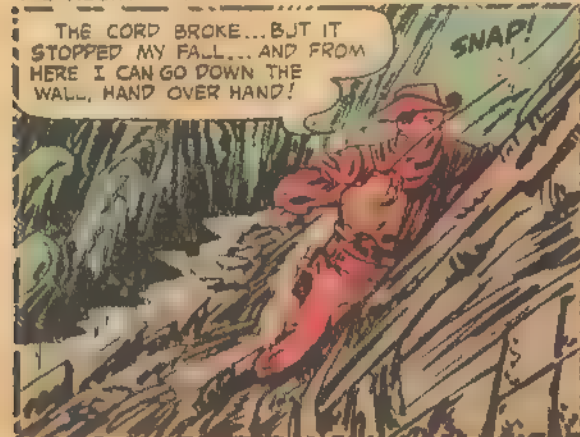


TIM HOLT

WITH A FRENZIED TWIST OF HIS BODY, REDMASK LEAPS ASIDE...



"THE KNIFE WHIPPED AROUND THE STONE POST! THE CORD HELD FOR A MOMENT, SWINGING ME AGAINST THE ROCKY WALL—"



INTENT ON THE STORY HE TELLS REDMASK DOES NOT NOTICE THAT EL LOBO HAS BEEN GATHERING HIS MUSCLES FOR ONE LAST GRM EFFORT. THEN—





REDMASK SWINGS UP HIS LEGS! HIS LONG SPURS JAB OUT, VICIOUSLY...



HOOKED BY THOSE SILVER SPURS, EL LOBO IS DRAGGED TO THE EDGE OF THE REPTILE PIT—AND OVER!



FOR A MOMENT, A HAND RISES UPWARD AS A SCREAM OF AGONY RENDS THE NIGHT...



A MOMENT LATER...



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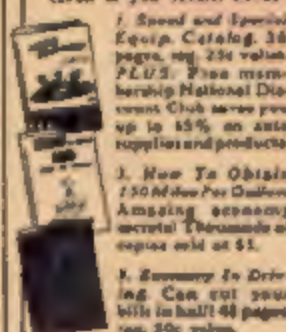
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